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1. Poetry, American

1 P.T

McDonell

UNFOLDING LEAVES OF TENDER THOUGHT

BY

KATE GOLDSBORO McDOWELL

LOUISVILLE, KY.
JOHN P. MORTON AND COMPANY
1898

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KATE GOLDSBORO McDOWELL

As one by one these leaves unfold,
I trust they may reveal
Blest truths, in something I have told
That gently shall appeal
To some tired heart, that it may be
The better, for my minstrelsy.

THE AUTHOR.

B1EB 19FEB 36

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UNFOLDING LEAVES OF TENDER THOUGHT.

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

RING out, ring out, ye Christmas Chimes!
Re-echoing thro' earth's many climes
That same sweet song the angels sang
As heaven with hallelujahs rang,
On that all-glorious Christmas morn
When He, our royal Prince, was born.
Then gates of pearl were opened wide;
Thro' them a shining white-robed tide
Of harpers came—who sang on earth
The tidings of a Saviour's birth:
Let every heart o'erflow with love!
Let angels watching from above
Shed no sad tears for men this day,
But with approving voices say:
"Now peace on earth good-will is found!"
Thro' heaven the joyful words resound;
Man's heart is warm—hands open wide
To fellow-man, this Christmas tide.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

HARK to that knelling! the sad news telling,
The bell at midnight solemnly rings;
For the Old Year's dying—and sobbing, sighing,
The wind a *requiem* mournfully sings.

The Old Year has perished—dear ones we cherished
Lie in its sepulchre hallowed and blest,
Sweet dreams steal o'er us, forms rise before us
That with the Old Year have sunk to their rest.

Oh, cease thy weeping, thy sad watch keeping!
Lo, words of comfort rise from the tomb!
"Born of thy sorrow on the bright morrow
Rare buds of promise shall sweetly bloom."

New hopes are springing, bright dreams are flinging
A halo of glory o'er the dark bier;
New Year stands smiling, young hearts beguiling,
As a Phœnix, arisen from the Old Year.

The Old and the New Year.

Gather the flowers which shall ever be ours
If we press onward, loyal and true;
New Year is cheering, work never fearing,
More time to labor, then up, and do!

THE GIFT OF A FLOWER.

AN opening bud, a full-blown rose,
"'T is but a simple gift," you say?
Yet its fragrance may fill the room
Where some heart suffers night and day.

Is it a little thing to lead
By paths which we ourselves have trod
The weary soul and breaking heart
"From nature, up to nature's God?"

'NEATH STARS AND STRIPES.

ON Cuban soil a soldier lay,
A boy, he was in years,
Tho' bravest of the brave that day,
In the blue eyes were tears.
Hot tears which he could not repress,
Alone, uncared for, in distress.

Exhausted, wounded, far from home,
Abandoned, so it seemed,
Relief he felt would never come,
Half conscious then he dreamed
That he was in the dear home-place
And saw once more his mother's face.

That face that always tenderly
Smiled on her wayward boy;
One that he knew would faithful be
In sorrow or in joy.
How pale she grew, how sad, when told
"Mother, your Willie has enrolled."

'Neath Stars and Stripes.

"Oh, do not go, my boy!" she cried,
Sobbing between each breath,
"I have but you since father died,
Would you, too, meet your death?
Oh, must I give my one, my all
In answer to my country's call?"

Then 'round her neck the strong young arm
Was thrown, and—"Mother, dear,
Pray God to keep me from all harm,"
He said, "then never fear,
For He shall lead me 'gainst the foe
As 'neath the stars and stripes I go."

She gazed at him and mournful smiled,
He was her pride, her joy;
Then humbly kneeling by her child
Prayed that her blue-eyed boy
'Neath stars and stripes, on land or sea,
Might in God's tender keeping be.

He sailed away, his brave young eye
Flashing with patriot zeal;
The stirring days flew swiftly by,
Then—the mad clash of steel;
The battle ended, there he lay
His life-blood ebbing fast away.

Conscious of fearful pain once more
He soon remembered all;
How brave men fought, swept down before
The Spaniard's shell and ball;
Hundreds were lying here and there,
Cut down without a moan or prayer.

"But 'neath the Stars and Stripes I fought
For right, this is my plea;
I did my duty as I ought,
In this land o'er the sea;
And God a mother's prayer will hear,
And wipe away the widow's tear."

Some soldiers searching o'er the field
For countrymen, soon found
A wounded lad; the light revealed
Him lying on the ground
With shattered leg and in a swoon;
They had not come one hour too soon.

They lifted him so tenderly,
"Our soldier boy," they said;
"A hero," and then gently he
Out from among the dead
Was borne, that they perchance might save
That precious life and cheat the grave.

Ah, long he fought relentless death
Before it conquered him!
And oft when struggling for his breath,
With eyes grown weak and dim,
Would he look up and feebly cry:
"See, Stars and Stripes are in the sky!"

Of Stars and Stripes the lad had dreamed
Till to his boyish heart
The loveliest thing on earth they seemed;
Formed of his heaven a part;
So, his last words with smiles were given:
"See, mother, Stars and Stripes in heaven!"

With raptured smile upon his face
To rest in dreamless sleep
They laid him; and above the place
The Stars and Stripes shall keep
With flag of truce their watch; and wave
O'er the young soldier's honored grave.

Surely faith in a mother's prayer,
Faith in a mother's God,
Sustained the lad when dying there
Away on foreign sod!
And shall they not, clasped hand in hand,
"'Neath Stars and Stripes" together stand?

"AND THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

'TIS a message straight from heaven,
From that refuge of the blest,
To the hearts that grieve 't is given—
"And the weary are at rest."

Cease, O sad hearts, cease complaining!
Lean upon the Saviour's breast;
Hear the words so sweet, sustaining:
"And the weary are at rest."

Like a light from port far-shining
Out upon the ocean's crest,
'Round our hearts these words come twining—
"And the weary are at rest."

WOMAN'S POWER.

O WOMAN! Thou art man's best gift from heaven,
Yet oft his most bitter foe! What strange power
Is thine! What sacred trust to thee is given
And how oft betrayed! There is not an hour
Of life but by thy witching grace is won
Some soul to good or some fair life undone.

Ah, cruel Siren, by thy luring song
Oft hath some heaven-bound mariner been led
Swift o'er life's tempestuous waves along
To destruction! And on thy lovely head
There rests the guilt of many a sin-wrecked soul
That else had reached heaven's shining, longed-for goal!

SWEET MEMORIES.

MY thoughts return to other years,
When glistening thro' youth's fleeting tears
Hope's rainbow spanned life's changing skies,
And each day brought some sweet surprise.
How lovely are our spring-time dreams,
When life a flowery May-day seems!

Two friends I loved—hearts good and true;
Ah, in this world such friends are few!
How often in my dreams I stand
Upon the Past's bright ocean strand
And gather in delight once more
Its pearly treasures as of yore!

Then borne on lightsome laugh and song
The joyous moments sped along
While Fancy, poised on shining wing,
Tinged with rare beauty every thing.
The whole earth seemed like Eden fair,
Ere sin had cast a shadow there.

Sweet Memories.

Friends good and true, my tears fall fast,
Remembering what lies in the past;
Altho' we nevermore may meet
On this green earth — yet whispers sweet
Come to my heart of fields more fair;
I trust — I wait — to meet you there!

SLEEP.

ON silent shadowed wings of night
Bright visions of supernal light
Are borne thro' airy realms of sleep,
Staying the tears despair would weep:
And then the full heart, gazing back
Along this dream-world's shining track,
Questions — "Ah, shall it be so fair
In the unknown land of otherwhere?"
And the answer comes — "Yes, heaven is near,
For sleep is the gateway to it here."

TWO PICTURES.

The Storm.

ALL nature is frowning in darkest despair!
Low mutterings of thunder are borne on the air
And fierce winds are battling; they shriek and they yell
Like demons escaped from the fire-chains of hell.
Bright blossoms lie scattered by angry winds blown;
The song-birds affrighted to coverts have flown;
Leaves, branches, uplifted are tossed far and wide,
Destruction unbound, o'er all nature doth ride:
Wild beasts of the forest have fled to their dens,
Mad waters rush headlong adown to the glens;
Fair nereids no longer dance over the waves,
But timid have fled to their coral-lined caves;
Deafening, Neptune's mad roar! His waves leaping high
To catch the swift torrent that pours from the sky;
Dread thunderbolts boom thro' the dark, confused air,
And the lightning flashes its hot blinding glare.

Two Pictures.

After the Storm.

Now smileth all nature in perfect delight!
Her fresh robes are sparkling with silver drops
bright,
That shine like the diamonds on royal dame's
gown,
Or foam on the sea when the moonbeams smile
down;
Green trees gently swaying, their graceful heads bow
To list to the love-song the winds whisper now;
While flowers burst forth, fanned by Zephyr's bright
wings;
Earth's bosom is glowing with beautiful things:
Gay song-birds are trilling their merriest lays,
And all things are singing a sweet hymn of praise.
Calm ocean rocks gently, and forth from its caves
Come fair nymphs rejoicing to sport o'er its waves;
On the ripples they ride till rocked fast asleep
They sink to their rosy shell-homes in the deep.
The voices of shepherds come soft o'er the hills,
While calmly their flocks rest by cool, shady rills;
Now sunbeams fall softly o'er hill and o'er glen,
And all nature whispers of "peace among men."

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY.

[Upon the occasion of one of the river excursions given for the benefit of the little ones of the poor by The Louisville Times.]

SOFTLY ye breezes, sing soft and low!
Rocking the little ones to and fro,
As in a huge cradle, safe and strong,
Swiftly and smoothly they glide along
Over the sparkling, the rippling stream,
While sweetly they sleep and smile and dream.

Angels are bending over them now,
Tenderly touching each baby brow,
Lovingly hushing each sob of pain
Till the wee faces grow calm again;
Poor little faces, so wan, so white,
Pitiful hearts—'t is a touching sight!

Sing a sweet lullaby, breezes, sing!
Oh, gently lift up each tiny ring
Of silken hair from the foreheads fair,
Imprinting your cooling kisses there;
Comfort the mother's despairing pain,
Give her bright darling to her again!

Rock-a-Bye-Baby.

See how the pink of a new-blown rose
Steals to each cheek, as the freshness blows
Delicious nectar from breeze and stream,
While the dear little ones smile and dream!
O God, bless those who thus strive to cheer
The sorrowing hearts around them here!

TWILIGHT.

SWEET twilight hour, I love thee! Time
When reason stern gives place to rhyme;
When Memory weaves her magic spell
And Fancy spins bright threads as well;
When floating soft o'er sea and land
Are borne sweet sounds; and hand in hand
Young lovers sit to dream of hours
Twined with earth's fairest, sweetest flowers;
Whilst Hope, upon her shining wings,
A vision from far-off Eden brings.

SPRINGTIME LOVE.

NOW gently 'neath the sun's caressings
Sweet spring blossoms nod and blush,
Tho' nature's heart yields praise for blessings,
O'er my heart there comes a hush;
For O, mine own, thou comest not,
And springtime love is soon forgot!

Now warbling songsters sweet are wooing
To themselves their bright-eyed mates;
And pleadingly the dove's soft cooing
Speaks to listening dove that waits;
Yet O, mine own, thou comest not,
And springtime love is soon forgot!

One year ago we went a-Maying,
Blossoms scented every nook,
And softly went our feet a-straying
Down beside a shadowed brook;
But now, mine own, thou comest not,
And springtime love is soon forgot!

Springtime Love.

And as beside the brook we rested
Just this spring one year ago,
My love in that green spot sequestered,
Breathed, "I love you," soft and low;
Yet now, mine own, he cometh not,
For springtime love is soon forgot.

Tho' earth has burst its winter's prison,
To reach the sunshine and the air,
Yet in my heart no spring has risen,
For my love lies buried there;
Mine own, mine own, thou comest not,
And springtime love is soon forgot!

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

O VIOLETS fair, she's pure and sweet
Like to yourselves! so it were meet
That I reveal my love thro' you,
Speaking from depths of eyes so blue;
"I love you," 'mid your fragrance rare
The message I would have you bear.

Ah, you will feel her finger tips
Be kissed perhaps by honied lips!
May touch perchance her dainty cheek,
And list to words that she will speak,
But not till held unto her heart,
Must you my tender words impart!

OLD GLORY.

HOW we love it, our nation's pride!
Oh, let it freely far and wide
Float o'er valley, and mountain side,
Old Glory!

The storm of battle it has stood;
Oft dyed in heroes' noble blood
Been borne thro' wind and fire and flood,
Old Glory!

Sunbeams of morning gild each star!
Paint with beauty each fluttering bar,
As proudly waves in peace or war,
Old Glory!

Borne on the breeze it gayly flies;
While loyal shouts triumphant rise
Till one long cheer shall reach the skies—
"Old Glory!"

WHY?

AH! Why are pain and sorrow sent?
Why should not cloudless skies
And dewy paths with flowers besprent
Each day greet joyful eyes?

And why do thorns spring up along
The ways that seem so fair?
Why should the heart's most blithesome song
Oft turn to plaintive air?

Why should our smiles of fond delight
Oft turn to bitter tears?
Why should hope's day fade into night?
A night of gloomy fears?

Not yet revealed to us the why;
Then, trusting, bear the pain
In this assurance: by and by
We'll know 't was not in vain.

I HEAR THE ANGELS CALLING.

YES, I hear the angels calling, and their white-robed forms I see;
Do not keep me, I must leave you, for behold they wait for me!
See, nearer and still nearer sweeps the bright angelic throng,
And sweet strains of heavenly music on the air are borne along!

Yes, I hear the angels calling, I must leave you dear ones, all;
And list, in silvery accents now there comes the Saviour's call:
"Come unto me thou weary one and rest forevermore,
The way is dark but I stand here upon the untrodden shore."

And then he turned his weary head as tho' a while
to rest;
He felt no fear, for well he knew that on his Saviour's breast
He would soon awake, and for all toil a golden
harvest reap;
And gently thus thro' death to life, our dear one
fell asleep.

O! you who scoff and say that strength to Christians is not given,
What think you of such spirits pure that pass from
earth to heaven,
They who hear the angel voices on that dread and
darksome day,
And see bright angel faces 'round them all the
shadowed way?

When death draws nigh, ah, yes, 't is then that stout
hearts shrink and fail,
That wild with terror eyes distend and dying lips
grow pale;
But oh, the Christian hath a hope that worldings
can not know!
A hand outstretched leads gently on, tho' chilling
waters flow.

Then angels lift the pallid form and bear it safely thro'
To where a life of bliss awaits the loyal and the true;
Is peace like this the worldings' prize? Ah, no, it can not be!
For only they who serve the Lord the joys of heaven shall see.

A DAY IN JUNE.

WITH June roses blooming about our way,
We stand now together, love, you and I;
Will time e'er bring such another June day,
With the sweet-scented breezes and golden sky?

As the years pass silently, June after June,
Will our hearts remember this day so sweet,
When life, love, and roses were all in tune
And scattered their fragrance about our feet?

I THINK OF THEE.

WHEN morning's jeweled fingers part
The heavy shades of night,
Waking the great world's pulsing heart
To beauty, life and light,
Belovéd one, each gleam of gold
Your smiling image seems to hold.

Then when gray evening flutters down
Like some soft-breasted dove,
When dusky night receives her crown
Of stars from skies above,
Belovéd one, each glowing star
Reflects your image from afar.

I think of you by night, by day,
As one to me most fair;
If you be near, if far away,
My heart is with you there;
No place has earth, no single spot,
Where you may be and I am not.

NATURE'S RESURRECTION.

NOW does fair spring unfold the budding leaves,
And winter's gloom once more has passed
away;
Out of the silence, darkness and decay
Are born new beauties; man no longer grieves,
And Nature out of varied colors weaves
A filmy robe to adorn the blushing day;
Returning birds resume their joyous lay
While regal night a starry crown receives.
Who can behold this resurrection bright,
This living beauty from the darkness rise,
Yet doubt the soul shall upward take its flight?
From death's dark sleep awake to sunny skies?
Oh, why else again should flowers bud and bloom
That cold and lifeless lay in winter's tomb!

LOVE.

I LOVE you, how these words repeat
Themselves to us like music sweet,
Ah, love it is the dearest word
That mortal ear hath ever heard!

Birds warble it at early morn,
And every blushing bud that's born
Breathes softly on the balmy air,
"I love you," love is everywhere.

THE LOVERS.

LANGUID lily, lightly swaying
In the summer breeze,
Did you hear what they were saying
Underneath the trees?

Blooming, blushing, beauteous roses,
Did you hear it, too?
Next come wedding rings and posies;
That's what love will do.

A LITTLE NEWSBOY.

HAVE ye heerd o' my Bennie? He's up at the break
O' the day, and then out in the street.
Sez he: "Mother, I'm a-doin' it jes' for your sake;"
In his little voice chirpy and sweet.

An' there's no singin' bird could soun' sweeter to me
Ef 't was warblin' its purtiest song;
An' I watches his face till for tears I can't see
As he starts on them trips hard and long.

Bennie's father, you see, wuz killed one year ago,
An' then we wuz left lonely an' sad:
The boy knew that we scarce had a livin'—and so
He must help me—the dear little lad!

So my baby cums home with eyes shinin' one day,
An' sum newspapers gripped in his hand,
An' "for sellin' these papers," sez he, "I git pay;
Finest lady you'll be in the land."

Then so proud wuz my Bennie, he strutted about
Like a peacock, an' smilin' with glee;
The tears cum in my eyes an' they wouldn't keep out,
Jes' to think, he wuz workin' for me!

There, don't mind me, I can't help a-cryin' when I
Start to talk o' that dear little chap,
An' I feel that I'd jes' want to lie down an' die,
Ef there cum to him any mishap.

What's that crowd? What're they carryin' there thro' the street?
O God pity! It's Bennie, my own;
With his body all mangled, his face pale an' sweet,
Not a cry, not a word, not a groan.

O, he's dead! Yes, he's dead! An' my heart it is broke!
Have ye heerd o' my Bennie? Why then
Ye must know that in heaven one more angel's awoke,
An' I'll pray soon to jine him again.

L'Envoy.

Then the careless crowd passed on with scarce a voice stilled,
It stayed not its laughter and joy;
And the papers next day read—"Run over and killed—
But 't was only a little newsboy."

AUTUMN.

HER charméd breath o'er vales and hills
Floats hazily; the rippling rills
Mirror the trees and skies o'erhead
In burnished gold and flaming red;
Her touch the fading earth transforms
And into glowing beauty warms;
Then skillfully her hand doth paint
The changing scenes in colors quaint,
Till fairyland, the woodlands seem,
Each red-capped hill a poet's dream;
And blushing fruits that hanging low
On boughs full-freighted, gleam and glow,
Are amethysts and rubies, set
In gold to form her coronet.

RETROSPECTION.

HOW lovely are the visions floating o'er us in our youth,
Made up of love and beauty, trustful innocence and truth!
The days all pass on shining wings—so softly as they go
Reverberating thro' the soul like rippling waters flow.

Then words and looks, and smiles and tears, no lasting impress leave;
For little see we to regret, no wrongs o'er which to grieve;
The present only holds for us anticipations sweet;
Our raptured eyes do not behold the chasms at our feet.

The future seems to us a bridge that we shall safely cross,
Ah! little do we realize how we shall feel the loss

Retrospection.

Of days and hours we then regard as butterflies the flowers,
As we gayly pass from each to each, amid life's rosy bowers.

But as the years draw on apace and youth begins to wane,
On drooping wings the days go by, singing a sad refrain;
Then see we thro' far clearer eyes than dreaming eyes of youth,
And know the future is a key to unlock eternal truth.

Our eyes grow wiser, we look back and view with vain regret
The opportunities we have lost, tho' time may bring us yet
More ways to unlock the doors that bar truth from our longing sight,
And thro' the opened portals pass to heaven's eternal light.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SOUL.

UNDER the snow the violet's purple heart
Doth dreaming lie until the spring appear;
Then wooed by April's changing smile and tear
'T will burst the confines of its bed apart,
And nourished at earth's bosom, gently start
Upward to light and warmth; so may our fear
Of death's cold sleep be stilled; and scoffing sneer
Unheeded pass; for death's sleep hath no smart
Since in the resurrection morn our eyes
Shall ope, and wakened from our peaceful dream
We like the violet to light and life arise
And in beauty live again 'neath the gleam
Of eternal sunshine in God's pure skies;
Then shall we know death's restful sleep was wise.

CUPID IS ON THE WING.

OH, coy young lassie, beware! beware!
Now dawn the fair spring days
When love finds many ways
Youth's tender and trusting heart to snare.

In the sweet springtime when song-birds mate
And softly ring-doves coo,
While zephyrs blossoms woo,
Then would cunning Cupid seal your fate.

Slyly he hides in a blushing rose;
Thence aims his dexterous dart
Straight at your tender heart;
Ah, then beginneth a lassie's woes!

Stealing among the violets sweet,
From that bright bunch you wear
On bosom or in hair,
He waiteth to bind you hands and feet.

Cupid is on the Wing.

Lightly he flies thro' your dreams at night;
Dimpling your face with smiles;
Cunningly he beguiles,
Then binds your heart in his meshes tight.

Keep bright eyes open, then, lassie fair!
Now in the balmy spring
Cupid is on the wing,
And his arrows are darting thro' the air.

LIFE.

LIFE has its duties, be it humble or high;
Flowers silently grow and we never know why
Some yield a rare fragrance that bloom in the shade,
While some in the sun are more beautiful made.
Wherever God places your life it may be
Like the flower's, a season of sweet ministry;
You may dwell on the mount, in green valley low,
Yet carry a blessing wherever you go.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

O RICHARD, do not, I implore, you depart!
Think of me and our sweet little child;
Look not so stern, husband, you torture my heart;
See, the house rocks, the storm grows so wild!

What have I done, Richard? you do not condemn
E'en a criminal till he is heard;
You strive to be just when you must sentence them;
Is your heart by love no longer stirred?

How strangely you act; wherein lies my offense?
I am innocent, dearest, of wrong;
My head aches to bursting, and only a sense
Of my love for you keeps my heart strong.

You now turn away with a smile on your lips,
Such a scornful smile, what does it mean?
Alas! for that mortal who happiness sips,
Who hath beauties of Paradise seen!

A Woman's Love.

How happy we two were before baby came,
Then again just our circle of three!
But ah! that dark day when you seemed not the same,
When you spoke in a stern voice to me!

What say you, my love? that I'm false? false to you?
O, that I ere this moment were dead!
My brain seems to whirl, what, alas! shall I do?
Is this cruel man he whom I wed?

Come not one step nearer, speak not a word more!
You have thrust a sharp knife through my heart;
Alone I shall walk now life's desolate shore,
You say truly, 'tis best we should part.

I am but a woman, my love is my life;
Since my loved one believes me untrue,
I, as my child's mother, but not as his wife,
Will endeavor my duty to do.

The time shall come, Richard, when writhing in pain
You will think of this day, of this hour;
Repentance will be then, alas! all in vain,
For my love shall lie like a crushed flower!

A Woman's Love.

Ah! go not in the storm; why brave its fierce wrath?
When its fury is spent, why—then go;
Unheeding he rushes away tho' yon path,
He has passed from my life—better so.

. . . . . .

On a blood-stained battle-field two comrades lay,
One sore-wounded, the other one dying;
And the dying man turned, conscience-stricken, to say:
"When I told you that, Dick, I was lying.

"I loved sweet Adele ere as lovers you met,
Then, beholding how happy you were,
There swept through my breast such a wave of regret,
That all the ill in my heart seemed to stir.

"The wicked one whispered, I heeded his voice,
Told a tale that was wholly untrue;
My heart, filled with evil, could only rejoice
When I failed not in parting you two."

The dying man ceased—and the comrade who lay
By his side with no strength to reply,
Ere losing all consciousness, could only pray
In his wretchedness that he might die.

Then weary days followed, and what does he hear
As he struggles back slowly to life?
A tone like sweet music first falls on his ear,
'T is the voice of one he had called — wife.

Is he dead? has her spirit come to him now,
Thus forgiving, forgetting each wrong?
He feels a soft hand gently stroking his brow,
Hears the words of a loved cradle-song.

'T is a lullaby she often sang to their child
As she hushed it to sleep on her breast;
His eyelids unclosed, and he looked up and smiled,
Gave a sigh of contentment and rest.

When feeble lips whispered — "forgive," 't was enough;
O'er his pillow a fair head bent low;
Forgotten each harsh word, each cruel rebuff,
She — a woman who loved him and so —

As a woman forgiving, "man's good angel," will —
She thus measured the wrong by her love;
With this trait divine, woman conquers man still —
And looks down on him from heights above.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

WHEN the leaves are falling from woodland trees
In a shower of gold and red,
And the winds are chanting a requiem
O'er the flowers—that all lie dead;
When the breeze still echoes the mournful wail
Of the summer's dying breath,
And lo! reaching forth from the autumn's gale
Sweeps the hand of the reaper—death,
I stand and weep, as I think of the lives
That have gone with summer's bloom,
While I twine me a wreath of autumn leaves
To hang o'er my loved one's tomb;
Then faith's gentle voice to my grieving heart
Comes singing this sweet refrain:
"They are not dead, they have fallen asleep
To wake at His touch again."

TO A FRIEND.

I WOULD not ask for you, my friend,
A better fate than this,
That whatsoever God may send—
The storm or sunshine's kiss,
It may descend into your life
As softly as a prayer;
And leave no bitterness or strife,
But only sweetness there.

So shall your heart receive the things
He sends you hour by hour,
And life be free from hurtful stings
And fragrant as a flower;
No, I would never ask for you
All sunshine and no rain,
But just the will your best to do,
Come gladness or come pain.

GIVE A PLEASANT WORD.

IF small be your possessions and you may not freely give,
While oft to you seems useless the restricted life you live,
Remember the despairing hearts that may perchance be stirred
By sympathy, 't is in your power to give a pleasant word.

You ofttimes meet some brother bending 'neath a load of care,
And you may help to lighten it, no matter when or where;
For ne'er perchance a tender tone his aching heart has heard,
Thus you may make his burden less by just one pleasant word.

Give a Pleasant Word.

Not wealth alone its gifts may bring to those who
are in need,
Nor satisfy the spirit, tho' it may the body feed;
For oft a debt of duty, most reluctantly incurred,
Is its unwilling offering; then give a pleasant word.

Wealth doubtless has its pleasures, for possessing
it we may
Give happiness to others; yet no one too poor to
say—
Words that shall linger in some heart like song
of happy bird;
Thus you may brighten many a life by just a
pleasant word.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

NESTLED beside a garden wall,
O'ershadowed by some lilies tall,
A violet grew; and raised its head
To shyly peep from leafy bed.
Lovingly, cooling drops of dew
Clung to its leaves so soft and blue.
Like holy nun in cloister cell
It dwelt apart in that green dell,
And 'mid the garden's rich display
Its modest charms were hid away;
Yet from its grateful bosom, there
'Rose a perfume that filled the air,
Till up to heaven, from its retreat,
The zephyrs bore an incense sweet.

Conscious of beauty, haughty, vain,
Its garden-mates eyed with disdain
What seemed to them so small a thing,
And oft their unkind taunts would fling;

Oft to the lowly flower would say:
"Rejoice, that thou art hid away!
For thy poor dwarfish form and face
Can boast no single line of grace;
We peerless beauties ne'er would own
Such weaklings in our garden grown!"

"O!" it would think, "is this my lot
To bloom and die in such a spot?"
And then uplifting timid eyes
As though imploring azure skies
To tell why it should blossom there,
Pleading for strength its fate to bear,
'T would humbly bow its pretty head
While to the breeze it softly said:
"Our Father knows and sees me, too,
And what is best for me will do;
His all-wise hand has placed me here,
So I will trust Him without fear."

With heavy heart at close of day
A fair maid passed along that way.
Soon near the spot her footsteps drew
Where Nature's blue-eyed nursling grew;
Then stealing through her languid frame
A thrilling sense of sweetness came;

It seemed to banish each heart-ache,
To bid her hope and courage take;
Parting the foliage green, she there
Beheld a blossom pure and fair;
She plucked it, placed it on her breast.
Lulling her troubled thoughts to rest
It whispered to her burdened heart:
"Be patient, bravely bear thy part!"
Then soft tears fell, lips moved in prayer,
And heaven's own peace descended there.

"Ah!" mused the flower, "I am content,
For this blest purpose was I sent
To bloom on earth, my mission o'er
Thus would I die, I ask no more;
Humble my life, yet not in vain,
Since I have eased another's pain."

So to the violet shy was given
To bear to earth a balm from heaven.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A MOTHER'S prayers, remember them
When straying far from God!
It may be that the lips are mute
And cold beneath the sod;

That oft in life were wont to move
In tearful prayer for thee;
But still that mother's prayers shall float
On through eternity.

A mother's prayers—what power on earth
Can move that heart above
As her soft pleadings, tremulous
With pathos and with love?

The prayers of faith, a mother's prayers—
May save her wandering boy;
A prodigal returned amid
The angels' smiles of joy.

A Mother's Prayers.

A mother's prayers — Oh, think of them
When e'er the siren sin
Would lure thee to her tempting paths
And bid thee enter in!

A mother's prayers — blest heritage!
More precious far than gold;
For as an armor firm and bright
Thy life they shall enfold.

PITYING HANDS.

A HAND outstretched, a pitying hand —
Though it were rough and brown,
Is in God's sight more fair and white
Than hands that clasp a crown!

A hand outstretched, a helping hand —
In hour of greatest need,
Hath far more power to touch the heart
Than theologic creed.

DELIVER THY MESSAGE.

DELIVER thy message — tho' brief the hours
Apportioned thee; some waiting heart may heed
Its tender import, and like gentle showers
Thy words may fall upon the place in need.

So softened, shall the callous earth give way
And into life and beauty flowers upspring
Where once was only barrenness; and day
Of joyous hope shall rise on shining wing.

Thou hast a solemn trust, betray it not!
What matters if oft weary and so worn
Thou shalt disheartened pause? be ne'er forgot
Thy message sweet; for failures do not mourn!
Some seeds thou sowest in the furrowed spot
Must take root, and their ripened fruit be borne.

THE POET'S DREAM.

HE dreamed that from cerulean skies
There came an angel sweet;
Bearing to him smiles, tears and sighs,
Then lilies white and roses bright
It heaped about his feet.

The fragrant flowers that heaven had sent
He twined into a wreath;
To make it perfect, hours he spent;
Charming his eye he hung it high
And placed his name beneath.

The world, unmoved, passed careless by
His labored work of art,
But blending smile and tear and sigh
The flowers among, his praise was sung;
For he had touched the heart.

AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

SCINTILLATING sunshine on the rain-wet meadows,
Merry trills of songsters resounding thro' the air,
Moistened foliage, grateful, casting its cool shadows;
Lightness, brightness, beauty, awaking everywhere.

Tenuous clouds of azure, flecked with gold, are glistening,
Breezes soft are waving the shining blades of corn;
Grateful flowers, refreshed, are reverently listening
To nature's thanksgiving hymn on this summer morn.

Does the heart of man respond to all this beauty,
Opening like a flower to receive the blessings sent?
Gaining new life, and a higher sense of duty,
As earth, sky, heaven, in one effulgence now are blent?

SMILE, E'EN THOUGH SAD.

THE heart's oft saddest when we smile,
We may repress our tears the while,
May meet the world with face so bright
It deems the heart is free and light;
Yet could it pierce this vail so thin,
'T would find but bitterness within.

Ah, this were better so, perhaps!
For if revealed the stinging raps,
The stabs, the heart receives each day,
'T would sadder make life's dreary way;
If thro' the gloom like sunbeams break
Our smiles, fresh courage we shall take.

Then tho' the heart be sad, smile on!
The saddest days may soon be gone;
The face that smiles keeps young and fair,
Time lightly leave his impress there,
And lips grown soft with dimpled curve,
As ministering angels surely serve!

A WORD IN SEASON.

A WORD in season, who may tell
The secret of its power?
It falls upon a fainting heart
As dew upon a flower;
Refreshing it, reviving hope
By pointing to a rest
That weary souls may ever find
Upon the Saviour's breast.

A word may be the good seed sown
That shall spring up and bear,
"In God's own time," an hundred fold
Of fruitage bright and fair;
Though it awhile may dormant lie,
It may with wondrous power
Burst forth at last a living thing;
Faith's blooming, perfect flower.

A Word in Season.

A word in season, tender word
That tells of Jesus' love ;
Ah, it may be the loadstar bright
To guide some soul above !
It may begin a sweet refrain
The soul hath never heard ;
Oh, who may tell what blessings lie
Concealed within a word !

A word may touch some hidden chord
That ne'er was touched before ;
The music of its strains may guide
Some bark to heaven's shore !
Go, speak that word ! Speak it for Him
Who gave His life for thee ;
One rescued soul may gem thy crown
Throughout eternity.

A HEALTH TO BISHOP DUDLEY.

Written for the Bishop's Jubilee.

A HEALTH to Bishop Dudley, men!
Fill up your bumpers, all,
And drink in nature's crystal wine;
Then shall your speeches fall
Like golden apples from each lip,
While eager brothers tell
How this their chief has led them on;
How nobly, and how well.

His health! here sit you side by side
While glasses clink, and oh,
Be ready whensoe'er he leads
You forward 'gainst the foe!
He has ne'er faltered in the march,
Follow him, men, be brave!
Then shall you gain the victory
O'er sin and o'er the grave.

RONDEAU.

A Valentine.

O SWEETHEART mine, could I but sing,
Like some glad skylark on the wing,
My tender lay should tell thee why
My soul is dumb when thou art nigh!
True love is but a timid thing
That shrinks from crushing word or sting,
Or like the first soft bud of spring
Fears its uncertain fate to try,
O sweetheart mine!

Perchance St. Valentine may fling
A witchery o'er my offering,
So that thy tender, limpid eye
May grant the look for which I sigh;
To this enchanting hope I cling,
O sweetheart mine!

HER PRAYER.

THE joyful chime of Easter bells
Rang thro' the balmy air;
A sound that to the whole world tells
That tale beyond compare.

"The Lord is risen, do not delay,"
The silver tongues sang out,
"To bless and praise His name to-day,
Oh, shout with triumph, shout!"

Among the worshipers who thronged
Toward the house of prayer,
Was one poor soul who greatly longed
To join God's people there.

"Ah, shall I dare," she murmured low,
"Among the pure to pray!
I seem to hear a voice say: 'go,
For thee Christ rose to-day.'"

Her Prayer.

With faltering step and sinking heart
She passed in with the rest;
Then from all others sat apart,
An outcast, shunned, unblessed.

Her head bowed down, so worn, she slept,
And dreamed an angel came,
Who, gathering up the tears she wept,
With them wiped out her shame.

It was her mother's face that smiled
Upon her as she dreamed;
A sweet voice said: "Come home, my child,"
She waked — so real it seemed.

"Forgive, forgive," was the only word
Her quivering lips could say;
It was enough — for Jesus heard
That prayer on Easter day.

FAITH FOR THE NEW YEAR.

JUST to believe that each hour, each day,
His is the hand that directs our way,
Ah, sweet indeed were the future then,
For our lives would be one glad—amen.

Just to believe in the coming year
That we shall shed never a single tear,
If He does not deem it wisest, best,
Then leave to His tender care the rest.

Just to believe that each joy, each hope—
Shall blossom again in that wide scope
Of the heavenly land a new-born flower
Awaked by the resurrection's power.

Just to believe He prepares us here
For the bliss that "doth not yet appear,"
That whene'er a cloud shall cross our way,
Behind it shines heaven's eternal day.

Then with this faith for the coming year,
We may calmly walk without a fear,
For 't is the chain of a Father's love
Linking our hearts to the home above.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

THO' disappointments lie along life's way,
Thick-strewn as are pebbles on the ocean shore,
They oft prove blessings in disguise; we may,
If but so inclined, reap many a golden store
Of heavenly wisdom from life's seeming ills,
And learn to accept rejoicing, "what He wills."

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Mrs. C. F. J.

AH, sorrowful is each heart to-day,
For a beautiful life has passed away!
With her genial smile and outstretched hand,
With heart so ready to understand
The need of another's, nevermore
Shall she warmly greet us as of yore.

"A mother in Israel," such was she;
A pillar of strength; and radiantly
Thro' every vicissitude of life
Shone out her virtues; as Christian, wife,
As mother, daughter, sister and friend,
How supremely did they meet and blend!

Will earth then miss her? Ah! would we miss
The bloom of the flowers? the sunshine's kiss?
The kindly showers and refreshing dew?
The song of birds and the skies' deep blue?
Then know we how sadly earth will pine
For her cheery voice and face benign.

In Memory of a Friend.

Never again may we hope to meet
A heart more pure or a life more sweet.
Her example is the balm she leaves
To heal the wound of each heart that grieves;
And shining ever, like glowing star,
It shall guide us to the "gates ajar."

HEAVEN'S GOLDENRODS.

HEAVEN'S goldenrods, the budding stars
Innumerable bloom,
And from the uplands of the skies
Gleam yellow thro' night's gloom.

SMILE WHENE'ER YOU CAN.

HEED these words of wisdom dear,
Smile whene'er you can;
He who wears a cheerful face
Helps his fellow-man;
For the world is drear enough,
Try to make it bright,
If you do the best you can,
Smile, you have the right.

Through each parting of the clouds
Peeps the golden sun;
With its smiles of cheer and hope
The earth looks down upon;
Through each rift it sends its light
To some weary heart,
Thus it brightens many a life,
Smile, and do your part.

Smile Whene'er You Can.

When the wind begins to blow,
  And the rain to fall,
There may be sunlight within,
  Smile, and that is all.
If safe sheltered is your head,
  Others may have none;
All your blessings ne'er forget,
  Count them one by one.

Violets yield their fragrance sweet
  From the shaded vale;
To perform the humble task
  Given to them, ne'er fail;
Believing your life but forms
  Part of one great plan,
Do your very best and then —
  Smile whene'er you can.

JUDGE NOT.

A FROG scornfully eyed a lily white
That gracefully danced on its stem
To melodies hummed by the zephyrs light;
Loudly raising its voice to condemn,
It said — "Life's too serious far, young friend,
In such frivolous conduct the hours to spend;
Croak; croak;
Life's no joke
And you your ways should mend."

The lily replied in a silvery voice
To the frog that had offered reproof:
"I'm light-hearted, happy, so I rejoice;
God did not intend me to keep aloof
From my mates that dance in the golden sun,
Who thus honor and praise Him, every one;
Life's no joke,
But I can't croak
Like you, for I live in the sun."

AUTUMN DAYS.

NOW Autumn days have come, the saddest
And yet the sweetest, too;
In summer time our hearts are gladdest,
The skies are deeper blue.

From morn till night song-birds are trilling
Their rounded notes of glee;
Our wakened hearts are throbbing, thrilling,
With untold ecstasy.

Yet 't is to the Autumn, nature singeth
Her sweetest undertones;
A message then from heaven she bringeth,
Hushing our sad heart-moans.

If but summer, our days so fleeting,
The bloom of faith would fade,
But Autumn brings us graver greeting;
So life is nobler made.

Our Baby Boy.

Away, away on an angel's wings,
    Away to the starry sky,
Where its baby voice rejoicing sings
    With the shining hosts on high.

Submissive we to that tender love
    That gave us our heart's delight,
Then called it again to its home above
    While yet it was pure and white.

Ah, yes! thank God that our treasure went
    Unsullied as when it came,
The snowdrop He to our keeping sent
    We returned to Him the same.

A BOWER AMONG THE HILLS.

A PRETTY bower in a garden spot;
There fragrant rose and forget-me-not,
Pure white lilies and jessamine, too,
With asters, pansies and violets blue,
Bud and blossom; delighting the eye
Of its inmates and every passer-by.

On a sloping hill this fairy bower
Stands, and from its airy tower
You may gaze abroad on pictures grand
Of rippling river and verdant land;
And here sits, many and many a day,
A fair maid, passing the hours away.

In this snug dwelling among the trees,
Where softly blows the perfumed breeze,
The maid and her aged father dwell,
The young and the old; ah, who may tell
How long their days may peacefully glide,
Like a happy dream, on this mountain side!

WINTER'S FROST.

WHEN winter shall come with its drifting snows,
What will it bring into each life? who knows?
Tho' the bright bloom be fallen from flower and tree,
The heart like some blossoming rose may be.

The snow may be whirling thro' stormy air,
The landscape show dreariness everywhere,
Yet chords from the heartstrings keep perfect tune
To warbling of happy song-birds of June.

The cold breath of winter, why should we fear?
It brings to our lives neither smile nor tear;
Look deep in the heart, you shall find it there,
The sunshine of hope or gloom of despair.

We may smile at the stormy winds that blow
If sunlight of hope in the heart shall glow;
For the birds will still sing and the air be sweet,
Tho' the earth lie all white in her winding-sheet.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

I SAT all alone, so I thought, in my room;
I was sad, I was weary that day;
Outside, nature shared my depression and gloom,
Sore distressed in her robes of decay.

She, so sweet and fair thro' the bright summer days,
And endowed with such richness of health,
Now weeps thro' the valleys, the woods and by-ways,
While she mourns her lost beauty and wealth.

"What is there in life? And what joys have we here?"
I rebelliously questioned aloud;
"Each heart-throb of pleasure dissolves in a tear,
And each hope soon lies wrapt in a shroud.

The Voice of Autumn.

"My heart like the roses seems withered and dead,
Like the falling leaves, hopes that were sweet;
While fancies, like birds, have flown far overhead,
Aspirations lie heaped at my feet."

Then a voice sweet as music spoke close to mine ear,
And its tender tones thrilled my numbed heart:
"Ah, let heaven so influence your every act here
That life's real joys shall never depart!"

My tears then fell softly, hope said to my soul:
"Be not sorrowful, never despair;
For all earth's pure longings shall reach that far goal,
And shall find rich completion up there!"

FLOWERS.

EARTH'S flowers—what are they to the human heart?
What hallowed influence is theirs to bestow
Upon man's stern life? The seasons come and go,
Flowers bloom, wither, die; we reluctant part
With their ethereal beauty; feel the smart
Of dreariness when they have vanished; so
We would that 'round us they might always grow,
To sweeten by their presence life's sordid mart.
What are they to the heart? All that the sun
Is to the earth—soft on balmy breezes borne
Their seeds from heaven drop silent down and fall
Into each life—thus is their mission done;
Thro' them the angels whisper to the hearts that mourn;
Each blossom holds a father's love for all.

O MADELINE!

O MADELINE, lost Madeline!
How many are the years between
The summer's bloom, the winter's frost,
Since arm in arm along the shore
We wandered; counting ne'er the cost
Of happiness, when nevermore
Into each willing ear should pour
Love's sweetest nothings; keeping time
To river's murmuring, rippling rhyme.
O Madeline! again I hear
Thy voice; that like the softest notes
Of music trilled from warbling throats
Caressing fell upon my ear.
Thou art another's now; but nought
That life can give will ever be
Like that long dream of ecstasy
'Round which love, with deft fingers wrought
A rosy chain, till mammon sought
You out; and love, with gold was bought.

THE ARTIST'S IDEAL.

BEFORE his easel in despair
A youthful artist stood,
And thro' his ardent bosom there
Swift rushing like a flood,
Poured aspirations such as those
That are but born amid life's woes.
"Oh," murmured he, "if I but could
The Christ-child paint and win the prize,
The future fair before me lies!"

Ah, he had deemed the task till now
To be an easy one!
But as he stood with troubled brow
To gaze at what was done,
He felt nigh humbled to the dust;
Yet try he could, and would and must;
"The morn, the setting sun
Shall find me at my labor sweet,
Till my ideal shall stand complete."

With subject so sublime, so fair,
  Had he less youthful been
He oft had yielded to despair,
  Laboring so to win,
Yet making ever slow headway;
While nearer drew the appointed day,
  That work must be sent in.
Each day that passed, he would erase
Some feature from the unfinished face.

I describe him as oft he stood
  Despairing, forced well-nigh
To give it up, he thought he should;
  Then with a deep-drawn sigh
Would slowly take his brush again
And strive to paint that face in vain;
  The dream he wooed flew by
On light, disdainful wings, and he
Would chide himself most bitterly.

One day he stood irresolute,
  Discouraged that his brush
The canvas cold could not transmute
  To living, breathing blush;

The Artist's Ideal.

He heard a knock upon his door,
It was repeated o'er and o'er;
    Striving his ire to crush
His darling brush he laid aside,
His chamber door flung open wide.

Ah, what a wondrous sight was there!
    Within a basket lay
A sleeping babe—tucked in with care,
    A rosy dimpled fay;
How came it there? He could not tell;
Straight down from heaven it surely fell
    Upon his weary way!
For as he bore it to the light,
His face was filled with strange delight.

"The very face! the very face!
    The wondrous Christ!" said he,
"My soul's ideal; art could ne'er trace
    This bright reality;
But now the prize is mine, yes, mine!
For so exquisitely divine
    The cherub face I see,
That no competitor may show
A work with more of heaven's glow!"

His model then that face of love;
And angels bending from above,
Looked down upon his work and smiled
When he had finished his Christ-child.

LADY SO FAIR.

LADY so fair,
I ask that thou be my valentine!
The name engraved on my heart is thine;
If I the pearl of thy love might wear,
Then joy should banish care.

Thee I adore!
See, the moon smiles down upon our love,
Stars twinkle approval in skies above,
As there stands a suppliant at thy door
Begging for love—no more!

LIFE.

YES, leaf by leaf the roses bloom,
And leaf by leaf they fade and fall,
As silently we gaze we think —
"Alas, the certain fate of all!"

Each day the tiny babe unfolds
Some rarer charm to loving eyes;
But as its grace more perfect grows,
It droops its pretty head and dies.

Ah, man is born to die! and so
All nature shares alike his doom;
But he alone of living things
Shall wake to life beyond the tomb.

Yes, leaf by leaf the roses fade,
Their rich perfume soon dies away;
And fragrance rare and brilliant hue
Soon mingle with the crumbling clay.

But man may live and fade and die,
And yet a fitter ending claim;
The sweetness of a noble life
May ever linger round his name.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

I GATHERED to myself a rose
And pressed it to my heart,
There it diffused a sweet repose
That seemed of heaven a part.

And yet, despite my tender care,
It withered in a day;
But where the rose once rested — there
Shall sweetness ever stay.

TO WHITTIER.

On His Seventy-sixth Birthday.

HOW lightly falls the snow of age
Upon the whitening locks of one,
Who, be he poet, priest or sage,
Can say at life's declining sun:
"Master, from that thou gav'st to me
An hundred fold I bring to thee."

That heart retains its freshness still
Though time-worn be its house of clay,
That like some calm and shaded rill
Keeps singing ever on its way
While all around it storm and strife
Rage fiercely on the shore of life.

Thus, poet, on thine honored head
The snow of age doth gently fall;
And thou may'st seek thy restful bed
When death's resistless voice shall call,
Wrapped close in tender dreams, as one
Assured the day's work was well done.

To Whittier.

How like an evergreen thine heart!
    Retaining all its freshness still,
Though long ago did spring depart
    And leave thee to the winter's chill;
Yet resting on its foliage green
Is summer's lingering beauty seen.

Ah, soft and sweet thy melodies
    Shall sound thro' many a troubled heart!
Tho' tuneless then the silent keys
    On which thine hand hath played its part;
Chords from thy music-soul shall be
Thus wafted unto eternity.

Beloved poet, tho' my song
    With rhythmic flow charm not thine ear,
From all the world's applauding throng
    Thou ne'er had'st tribute more sincere;
Accept these words that would express
To thee a heart's deep tenderness!

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up, no matter
How dark the day may be;
Somewhere the sun is shining,
If not on you or me.
Tho' clouds to-day may hide it,
To-morrow's clouds may part,
And show what lies behind them;
Cheer up, desponding heart!

Keep on, for earnest purpose
A brave heart, pluck and will,
Are sure to conquer some time,
And your desires fulfill.
Never give up, no matter
How hard it seems to win;
Watch every port, for some day
Your ships may all come in.

SUMMER.

NOW summer's perfumed breath floats o'er the land;
With bright uplifted face she greets the morn;
While all the little rosebuds newly born
Are gently rocked by her caressing hand
Till beneath her gentle nurture they expand;
With luscious, glowing fruits and tasseled corn
The hills and valleys green she doth adorn,
And man, enraptured, views what she has planned.

Soft fall her gentle tears on sleeping flowers
And wake them from their dreams; with half-shut eyes
They lift their drowsy heads; her silver showers
Bestud the lawn; and sparkling from the skies
Shimmer her golden gleams thro' rain-wet bowers;
While time on lazy wings reluctant flies.

A SAINTED MOTHER.

THE mother you tended with such loving care
Has gone from your midst—and your souls question where.
"Where is our beloved one? We miss her sweet face,
We miss her dear form from its old resting-place."

"Tho' silvered by age the soft hair o'er her brow,
More precious than jewels, it seems to us now,
Her face with its impress of sorrow and pain,
Ah, could we but tenderly stroke it again!"

But she, worn and weary, has lain down to rest,
The feeble hands peacefully crossed on her breast,
No suffering or sorrow shall e'er reach her more
"Beside the still waters" on Eden's bright shore!

A Sainted Mother.

Your longings and questionings she answers not,
But oh, can you think you shall e'er be forgot!
Shall not she whose pathway you tried to make fair,
Still speak to you, wait for you, watch for you there?

She nursed you in infancy, soothed you to rest;
With lullabies sang you to sleep on her breast;
With true mother-love shining from the soft eyes
She answered your questions with words sweet and wise.

So when she grew feeble and helpless and old,
Your tender words meant to her more than e'er told;
For only a mother's heart treasures each word
Spoken here — but God and the angels have heard.

EXPECTATION.

IN expectation lies life's purest joy;
Things once our own are never what they seemed;
Sweets that we crave, when tasted soon must cloy;
Waking, we find not joys of which we dreamed.

The poet sings—"No rose without a thorn,"
Aye, 'tis even so; howsoe'er fresh and fair
The blossom we gather to our breast at morn,
Evening shall find it drooping, dying there.

Let us dream and hope—happy in the now,
Seeking not to grasp what beyond us lies;
Trusting that some day, tho' we know not how,
All our dreams of bliss we shall realize.

SHE LOVED.

SHE loved — and in those two words I express
All that a heart can know of joy or pain;
Loving, e'en tho' her love might prove in vain,
She gloried in her heart's deep tenderness!
To hide it from him whom her love would bless
Was boon that maiden modesty would fain
Have craved — for should she ne'er his dear love gain
Then eyes should not, what lips could not, confess.

But he, too, loved, altho' she knew it not;
Till one sweet day her blushing face o'ercame
His will — he asked that she would share his lot
Tho' far too poor such regal charms to claim.
Yet love sang for joy in his humble cot
And helped the unknown to win an honored name.

STITCHING.

STITCHING, stitching, now in, now out,
Numberless stitches round about
The garment we are fashioning,
Ere it shall be a dainty thing.

Thus with our hearts and lives, while we
Fashion them for eternity;
To shape them into garments fair,
Many stitches of faith and prayer!

God has beautiful patterns traced;
Tho' the outlines be all interlaced,
We may work on with patient care
And so have angel robes to wear.

THE WEDDING DAY.

IN the sweet springtime of life, my dears,
You have started hand in hand;
You will share each others' hopes and fears
In the future you have planned.

May the silver autumn find you still
As loving, as fond, as true,
As when you started to climb life's hill
Together, when skies were blue.

And when fifty years shall mark the day
Sweet with golden memories, then
May your hearts as in the springtime say—
"For eternity, amen."

YOU KNOW NOT LOVE.

YOU know not love ; your cold, ambitious heart,
With what wealth may command, seems satisfied
With empty forms that serve to feed your pride ;
In humbler things your fancy plays no part ;
You think of love as of some unknown art
You do not care to learn ; you have defied
Its potency, yet eyes and lips have lied
That you might make another feel the smart.

Some day, perhaps, remorseful thoughts shall wake
A longing for the pearl that near you lay ;
But hands that would have labored for your sake
May be forever stilled in that sad day ;
Ah, love and you have drifted far away—
The treasure at your feet you would not take !

NOBLE DEEDS.

NOT words, but deeds, are what transcendent shine
From life's dull skies like stars of summer night,
Shedding o'er the world their soft, lustrous light;
And these glowing deeds may be mine or thine.
Like green ivy leaves, they may clinging twine
Around the sturdy, solid oak of right,
And thus supported, climb upward to light
And beauty till they reach the light divine.

Ah! beautiful deeds, how like the opening flowers!
Expanding, growing, as the days go by,
Till their perfumed blossoms beautify earth's bowers
And heaven, to the glad human heart seems nigh.
The fragrance of one noble deed shall rise
Till on angel wings wafted to the skies.

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LOVE'S REWARD.

COME, weary heart, and at the mercy-seat
Of Love's great temple leave thine offering fair!
For thee no wreath of bay, or crown to wear,
But willing sacrifice shall bring thee sweet
Surcease from earth's turmoil; and when thy feet
At last shall touch death's silent shore, ah, there
Thy recompense; and for thy faithful care
Of life's great trust, reward thou then shalt meet!
Give, expecting no return; thy pure love
Tho' it were poured upon the barren ground
Would bless thee in the giving; some heart-string
Must answer thine; and like a white-winged dove
Unto Love's altar fly; there circling round
Place beside thine own its freewill offering.

A SONG OF YOUTH.

BRIGHT, bright, rosy and light
The days go flitting by;
Life, how fair, without a care,
And youth without a sigh!

Flowers, flowers and joyous hours!
Young hearts trusting and true,
Love hid amid, amid
Daisies and violets blue.

Smile, smile, cheerily while
Youth sings its song of trust!
For fleet its pleasures sweet,
Ere joys shall turn to dust.

INTO MY HEART.

INTO my heart you may not look,
You may ne'er read as an open book
The pulsations of a poet's soul,
Nor fathom feelings that control
His inmost being; like the sea
It holds full many a mystery.

Into my heart on slumber's wings
There comes a dream of lovely things
Unknown to sober realms of prose;
And e'en around life's direst woes
A sweetness hovers, for heaven longs
To comfort them that sing its songs.

Into my heart there softly fall
Melodies sung by many a bird;
Oft I some stray note then recall
That poet's ear alone hath heard;
Thus in my feeble way I cheer
Some heart that hath not ears to hear.

Into My Heart.

Into my heart there passes oft
An angel with soft shining wing,
And holding a golden lyre aloft
It softly touches each heart-string
Till chords harmonious swell and rise
Tremulous to the bending skies.

A RESOLUTION.

STRIVE to do each day what's right,
Serve God and fear not man;
This will bring you help and light
To do the best you can.
Ever cheerful, never fearful,
Work out the Master's plan.

USE YOUR TALENT.

THE notes of a song went trembling
Like a sigh on the evening air;
The singer believed none heard her
And deemed that no one would care
For the tunes so sweet, so simple,
That came to her lips once more
As she dreamed of home and childhood,
And the happy days of yore.

"Oh, hush-a-bye, baby," softly
As her mother used to sing
She crooned; and the tender music
Thro' her full heart seemed to ring;
"Home, sweet home," was then borne floating
On the balmy breeze of night,
And one who had paused to hear it
Was stayed in his downward flight.

He thought of mother, home, and heaven;
"Oh! dare I," he cried, "return?
Shall the prodigal be forgiven?
For my presence do they yearn?"
Home, sweet home—the song had started
A chord in the guilty soul
That swelled to the grandest music,
And a sinner was made whole.

You who deem your heart-song worthless,
All unheard its low refrain,
Despair not! its dulcet softness
May revive some truth again;
And a soul on the verge of ruin
May draw back and pause and pray,
"The song of that blessed singer
Hath saved me"—some soul may say.

O LADY FAIR!

O LADY fair! My lady fair!
With serious eyes and silken hair,
Ne'er did a virgin's form enshrine
A sweeter, purer soul than thine.

O lady love, my lady sweet!
Fairies are jealous of thy feet,
That in and out the meadow grass
Like lightest fall of feathers pass.

O lady dainty, lady dear!
Like a dewdrop shines the tear
That now reflects thy inmost heart
Pierced by a tiny golden dart.

THE SOLACE OF NATURE.

DESPONDENT, sad, complaining, once I threw
Myself upon a garden bench at eventide,
To watch the changing hues of sunset glide
With tender glow athwart the skies so blue;
Nearer the silver twilight shadows grew
And stayed awhile their noiseless feet beside
My rustic couch; then melted pain and pride
Away, as I some influence hallowed knew.

When pure-faced Venus, like a spirit, came
Bringing a holy calm to heart and soul,
And one by one night's messengers with flame
Of amber, made the heavens a beauteous whole,
I thought "the power that guides these is the same
That wisely, all life's issues doth control."

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

YOU stand on the threshold of womanhood now,
The past is but childhood's bright dream,
A glow from the future is touching your brow
And lighting your life with its gleam.

The present alone is your own, dear young girl,
To use or abuse as you will;
May time find your heart like some beautiful pearl
In its shell, pure, unsullied still.

Then the future will hold for you never a fear,
Be it shadowed, joyous or sweet,
For with true woman's smile or true woman's tear
Each turn of the way you shall meet.

A MOMENT MISSPENT.

A MOMENT misspent is a tuneful chime
That is lost from the golden bells of time;
A stitch that is missed by the shining thread
With which memory binds the years that are fled;
A rose that is crushed ere its leaves unfold
To brighten and sweeten earth's mist and mold;
A pinion that's gone from an angel's wing,
A discord in harmonies it would sing;
'T is a jewel buried along earth's way,
And a sunbeam missed from the crown of day;
A glowing star vanished from earth's blue sky
That might have shone on thro' the by and by.

BLIGHTED.

SEE how the rose, fair fragile flower
By balmy winds caressed, each hour
Expands in beauteous bloom!
But if one rude blast, fierce and strong,
Shall sweep its chilling breath along,
It speaks the flower's doom.

Thus, too, the tender human heart,
If gentle nurture be its part,
To rich perfection grows;
But cruel word, like chilling wind,
Will blight; and many a heart we find
Lies withered like the rose.

TRIALS.

GOD speaks to you from every trial
That He sends into your life,
Each pain, each grief, each self-denial
Strengthens you for coming strife.

Your heart to-day may know fresh sorrow,
And you think — "ah, woe is me!"
Faith points you then to that bright morrow
Where true joys shall ever be.

Thus by the trials that He sendeth
Do you learn to know His love;
Together joy and grief He blendeth,
Lest you turn from things above.

THE WORLD'S FAVOR.

IF you ask of the world a favor
When fickle fortune's tide ebbs low,
Be assured it will never waver
In its unchanging answer — "No."

TO-DAY.

OH, seize the opportunities of to-day!
Why dwell on the "might have beens"
of the past?
Or dream of the "maybes" of future years?
We have the "now" in which to work and pray,
And carve out deeds that shall forever last;
Work to-day; and leave to the past your tears!